

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my speech: stand aside, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene;
For teares do stop the foud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as
euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompaigned: For though the Cammo-
mile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinson; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters doe report) doth defile? so doth the company thou keepest;
for *Harry,* now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in teares;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full looke, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I
remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*; if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his lookes; if
then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*;
him keepe with, the rest banish; and tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a
and he play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it ha-
both in word and matter, hang m-
ber-sucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge, r-

Prince. Now *Harry,* whence co-

Fal. My Noble Lord, from *East*

Prince. The complaints I heare

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are
young Prince yfaith.

Prince. Swarest thou, vngraciou-
on me, thou art violently carried a-
uell haunts in the likenesse of a fat
thy companion; why dost thou c-
humors, that bouling-hutch of be-
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of
of gutts, hat roasted Manning-tree
belly, that reuerent Vice, that gr-
sian, that vanity in yeeres? wherein
and drinke it? wherein neate and
and cate it? wherein cunning, but in
in Villanie? wherein villanous, bu-
thy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace woul-
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abomin-
stasse, that old white-bearded Sata-

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Fal. But to say, I know more ha-
were to say more then I know: tha-
tic) his white haire do witnesse it
reuerence) a whoremaster, that
Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wic-
a sinne, then many an old Oast that
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaoh*
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, ban-

E-